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A Stranger's Burial.

From the Russell (Kan.) Record, May 21, 1891.

Dr Thomas Bolton, of San Francisco, died at the residence of Mother Bickerdyke on Saturday and was buried in the Russell cemetery Sunday afternoon.

The deceased had an eventful life. He was born in Ireland about 51 years ago. When he was 6 years of age his parents left Ireland for the United States. The ship was wrecked and both parents lost while the little boy and a sister were saved and brought to America where they were adopted by some kind family in Massachusetts He became a dentist and was engaged in that profession when the rebellion broke out. He enlisted as a private in Company A, 27th Mass. He was the pet and pride of his regiment, greatly beloved by his comrades. A medal presented him by Major General Foster for having saved Washington, N. C., together with $1,500,000 worth of property to the United States; also a medal from the captain of his company for having saved a picket post from capture was shown by Mr. Housel at the funeral.

PRESENTED
TO
THOS. BOLTON
of Co. A. 27th Mass. Vols,
for saving Washington,
N. Carolina,
and $1,500,000 to the U. S.
MAJ. GEN. J. G. FOSTER.

PRESENTED
BY
CAPT. VANCE
of
A. Co. 27 Mass. Vols.
to T. BOLTON
for saving the
PICKET POST
at Bachelor's Creek
from capture in '62.

INSCRIPTIONS ON THE MEDALS.

He was captured by the enemy at Drury's Bluff in 1864 and spent six months in Andersonville, from whence he was released in a deplorable condition. He was brought to Savannah, where Mother Bickerdyke was in charge of the hospital for receiving the suffering prisoners. He was carried in by his comrades and was, to all appearances, in a dying condition, being unconscious and suffering from scurvy so that his flesh was dropping from his bones. His comrades plead with her to try and do something for him and she, literally, snatched him from the grave and to him she was indeed and in truth *Mother* Bickerdyke. After the war he settled in San Francisco where he practiced his profession, and was a member of Geo. H. Thomas Post, G. A. R. Some time ago he became a victim of consumption for which no remedy could be found. As he felt his end approaching he felt an irrepressible desire to be with Mother Bickerdyke, for whom he cherished deep, affectionate gratitude, characteristic of the true soldier. He telegraphed her that he was coming and arrived April 18. He immediately took his bed and was never able to sit up to take a meal. Mother Bickerdyke took the same care of him as she would had he been her son, and members of the G. A. R. were always ready to do all they could. His last days were as comfortable as they could be. His end was peace, and he cherished a good hope for the future. The funeral services were held at the M. E. church where the sermon was preached by Rev. L. O. Housel. While no blood relation was present to mourn, tears were shed and genuine grief felt by many as the story of his life was briefly related. The old soldiers were out in pretty good force, feeling deeply the loss of a worthy comrade, though personally unknown. A goodly procession followed the remains to the cemetery where they were deposited, with appropriate ceremonies, near the grave of A. G. Weed. It appears to have been his desire to be buried here.

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